A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS, & HYMNS,

&c. &c.

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF

HELSTON CHURCH.

" Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teac
" and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs:
" singing, with grace in your hear , to the Lord."

Coloss. iii. 16.

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PSALMS, HYMNS, &c.

PSALM I.—*Old Version.*

1. THE man is blest that hath not lent,
To wicked men his ear,
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair;

2. But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight,
And in the same doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

3. He shall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh,
Which in due season bringeth forth
Its fruit abundantly;

4. Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourishing shall stand;
Ev'n so all things shall prosper well,
That this man takes in hand.

PSALM V.—*New Version.*

1. LORD, hear the voice of my complaint
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my king, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2. Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day;
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

7. But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore;
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly thee adore.

PSALM VIII.—*New Version.*

1. O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

3. When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4. What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wond'rous kind?

5. Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

9. O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM XVI.—*New Version.*

5. MY lot is fall'n in that blest land
Where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
'Tis he supports my throne.

6. In nature's most delightful scene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
All other lands out-vies.

9. Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

11. Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XIX.—Addison.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heaven's shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th'unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

PSALM XXII.—*New Version.*

25. HERE in thy sacred courts will I
My chearful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

26. The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

27. Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay,
And scatter'd nations of the earth,
One sov'reign Lord obey.

PSALM XXIII.—*Old Version.*

1. MY shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2. He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3. Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff shall comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

5. Through all my life thy favour is
So freely shewn to me,
That in thy house for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

PSALM XXIII.—ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

PSALM XXIV.—*New Version.*

7. ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory—See, he comes,
With his celestial train.

8. Who is the King of Glory?—who?
The Lord, for strength renown'd,
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

9. Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory—see, he comes
With all his shining train.

10. Who is the King of Glory?—who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is king,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXXIII.—*New Version.*

1. LET all the just, to God, with joy,
Their chearful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

5. For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

6. By his almighty word at first,
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light,
At his command appear'd.

PSALM XLI.—Watts.

1. HOW blest the man whose heart with pity glows,
Who kindly learns to feel another's woes,
Bends to the poor man's cries his ready ear,
And from the orphan's cheek wipes off the tear.

2. In every trouble, each distress of mind,
Himself thy ready pity, Lord, shall find;
Thy bounteous grace shall every want supply,
Thy presence guide his steps with watchful eye.

3. Thus shelter'd under thy protecting wing,
Each rising sun shall blessings on him bring;
His life with tend'rest care thy love shall guard,
And crown his happy days with vast reward.

PSALM XLVII.—*New Version.*

1. O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal king.

5. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the choral hymn go round.

7. Your utmost skill in praise be shewn,
For him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er all the lands.

PSALM LI.—*New Version.*

1. HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

11. Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;

Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

12. The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free spirit's firm support,
My fainting soul sustain.

PSALM LXII.—*New Version.*

6. DO thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose;
My Rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7. God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

8. In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts,
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

11. For God has oft his will express'd;
And I this truth have fully known,
To be of boundless pow'r possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.

PSALM LXIII.—*Old Version.*

1. O GOD, my God, I early seek,
To come to thee in haste;
For why, my soul and body both,
Do thirst of thee to taste.

2. And in this barren wilderness,
Where waters there are none,
My flesh is parch'd for thought of thee,
For thee I wish alone.

3. That I might see yet once again,
Thy glory, strength, and might;
As I was wont it to behold
Within thy temple bright.

PSALM LXVII.—*New Version.*

1. TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2. That so thy wond'rous ways
May thro' the world be shown;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3. Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

4. O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shall govern all the earth.

PSALM LXXVII.—*New Version.*

7. HAS God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth,
Retir'd to endless night?

9. Can his long-practis'd love forget
Its wonted aid to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?

10. I said my weakness hints there fears,
But I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

11. I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
My tongue shall then recite.

PSALM LXXXIV.—*New Version.*

1. O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou enthron'd in glory show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2. My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

4. O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

PSALM XCII.—*Old Version.*

1. IT is a thing both good and meet,
To praise the highest Lord;
And to thy name, O thou Most High,
To sing with one accord:

2. To shew the kindness of the Lord,
Before the day be light;
And to declare his truth abroad,
When it doth draw to night.

4. For thou hast made me to rejoice,
In things so wrought by thee,
That I have joy in heart and voice,
Thy handy works to see.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the Lord. *Amen.*

PSALM XCVI.—*New Version.*

1. SING to the Lord a new made song,
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd,
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

10. Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth, let earth express,
It's loud applause the ocean roar;
It's mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

12. For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The chearful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake.
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take:
From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM C.—*Old Version.*

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3. O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C.—ADDISON.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3. We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honor shall we rear,
Almighty Maker to thy name.

4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful song,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CIV.

1. MY soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name;
O Lord, our great God,
How bright is thy fame:

Thy excellent glory
Surpasseth all bounds;
And awful majesty,
Thy throne, Lord, surrounds.

4. All creatures that live,
Live only by thee;
If thou hide thy face,
They all cease to be;
If thou open thy hand,
They're amply supply'd;
Thy providence richly
For all doth provide.

5. While life I possess,
Thy goodness I'll praise;
And with all my power,
My grateful songs raise.
O love thy Creator,
Exalt his great name,
And let men and angels
His praises proclaim.

PSALM CVI.—*New Version.*

1. O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past,
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless;
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise.

3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4. Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM CVIII.—*New Version.*

1. O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue with chearful songs of priase,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

3. To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell.

5. Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame,
And let the world with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CXIII.—*New Version.*

1. YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays,
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2. God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are;
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

(Gloria Patria.)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

PSALM CXIX.—*New Version.*

9. HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

10. With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

11. Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

12. Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM CXXXIII.—*New Version.*

1. HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love.

2. True love is like that precious oil
Which pour'd on Aaron's head;
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes,
It's costly moisture shed.

3. 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

4. For God to all, whose friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promised length of days
With consent blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.—*New Version.*

1. BEHOLD and have regard,
Ye servants of the Lord;
Who in his house by night doth watch,
Praise him with one accord.

2. Lift up your hands on high,
Unto his holy place;
And give the Lord his praises due,
His benefits embrace.

3. For why? the Lord our God,
Who heaven and earth did frame,
Doth Sion bless, and will preserve
For evermore the same.

PSALM CXXXVI.—WATTS.

1. GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song;
Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

2. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high.
Wonders of grace, &c.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

3. He sent his son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave.
Wonders of grace, &c.
Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXIX.—*New Version.*

1. THOU Lord by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2. Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips wou'd vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

3. Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill, for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

ANTHEM from PSALM XXXIV.

1. I WILL always give thanks unto the Lord, his praise shall be ever in my mouth.

2. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.

4. I sought the Lord and he heard me, yea he delivered me out of all my fear.

5. O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together. *Hallelujah.*

ANTHEM from PSALMS LXXXIX and XC.

LORD! how long wilt thou hide thyself for ever? O remember how short my time is; wherefore hast thou made all men for nought?

What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom

For the days of man are but as grass; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field; for as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

ANTHEM from PSALM XCVI.

SING unto the Lord and praise his name; be telling of his salvation from day to day.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto the people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised; he is more to be feared than all gods. *Hallelujah.*

HYMN.

MY heart and voice I raise
To spread Messiah's praise;
Be thy great name by all rever'd,
Thou universal Lord;
At whose prolific word
Creation's vast domain was rear'd.

The mighty God on earth
Took his mysterous birth

To execute the glorious plan,
Angelic hosts proclaim'd
The Saviour's sacred name,
The Prince of Peace, thus born for man.

Reign, great Messiah! reign,
Thy kingdom shall remain
When sun and stars shall cease to shine.
Thou friend of human race,
Thou fount of boundless grace,
To sound thy endless praise be mine!

HYMM on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a chearful song.

Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In higher worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

Then shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Thy own immortal strains.

HYMN on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

1. WHILST shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2. Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3. To you in David's town this day,
Is born of his own line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;

4. The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd;
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.

5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song.

6. All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease.

HYMN on CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK! all around the welkin rings,
Bright seraphs hail the morn
That ushers in the King of kings,
That sees a Saviour born.
Ye people on earth, your voices now raise
To Christ your Redeemer, with carols of praise.
Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Hallelujah.

The shining heralds from on high,
The joyful tidings bear,
With acclamations down the sky,
And humble shepherds hear.
Ye people, &c.

Glory to God, and peace to men,
The heav'nly chorus sing;
Let earth repeat the sound again,
And hail the new-born King.
Ye people, &c.

Live, Jesus; let thy kingdom spread
Thro' all the earth below;
Let land to land thy wonders read,
And thy salvation know.
Ye people, &c.

Hosannah! let all the earth and heaven,
Unite this happy morn:
To-day the the promis'd Child is given,
And God himself is born.
Ye people, &c.

HYMN for Good Friday.

1. SEE the Sovereign Lord of life
Hanging on the cursed tree!
Lo! his ever-blessed limbs
Writhe with tort'ring agony.
See! he bows his sacred head
Meekly on his lab'ring breast,
Hark! he groans—gives up the ghost,
Sinking to the realms of rest.

2. Shrouded is the orb of day,
Faint the light the heav'ns bestow;
Weeping angels turn away
From a suff'ring Saviour's woe.
Nature starts—the dead arise—

Loud the solemn thunders roll:
Angry lightnings fire the skies,
Darting swift from pole to pole.

3. And for me does Jesus die?
For me yield his parting breath,
To exalt my soul on high
Bowing to the stroke of death?
Gracious Saviour! gracious Lord!
Make me all my sins forsake,
Live obedient to thy word,
Refuge in thy merits take.

HYMN on EASTER DAY.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day—*Hallelujah.*
Our triumphant holy day;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King;
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save—*Hallelujah.*

But the pains which he endur'd,
Our salvation has procur'd;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing—*Hallelujah.*

HYMN for EASTER DAY.

1. OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2. There his triumphal chariots waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.

3. Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene,
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4. Who is the king of glory? who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5. Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.

6. Who is the king of glory? who?
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest.

MORNING HYMN.—*Magdalen.*

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay the morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy miss-pent moments past,
Live this day as if 'twere the last;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.—*Magdalen.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment-day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING HYMN for the LORD'S DAY.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bid our labour cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From vain deceit and false philosophy;
Let us, its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive
That only tribute man has power to give;

So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose preeepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

EVENING HYMN for the LORD'S DAY.

SOON will the evening star with silver ray,
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day;
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and heav'n ordain.

Still let each awful truth our thoughts engage,
That shines reveal'd in inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vain amusement waste,
Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile
Will crown with meet success our weekly toil;
And here on each returning sabbath join
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine,

CHORUS.

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and who precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

DYING CHRISTIAN's SOLILOQUY.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Sinks my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic love increase.

Fill each breast with consolation;
We to thee our voices raise;
When we reach thy blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

And sing Hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever, Hallelujah. *Amen.*

THE END.

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